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## POETRY.

### LAUNCHED AWAY.

Long, long beside the moaning sea
I waited while the great ship grew
To perfect shape, and till set free
Like some wild bird it seaward flew.

And far, far still my yearning eyes
Pursued it on its less'ning way,
Till on the glowing twilight skies
As jet in molten gold it lay.

And while I gazed came one by one,
Slow-gliding in, like white-winged doves,
Small craft that till the set of sun
Had lingered in the outer coves;

As, crouching 'neath the leaves in fear,
The roving covey near the nest
Will watch some terror disappear,
And then go flutt'ring home to rest.

O Day! I said, whose sweet decline
Now leaves this world so fair to see
In pictured beauty, more divine
The lesson which thou leavest me!

Could I unto Time's balmy sea
Commit in faith this grief that grows
And darkens all the days to be,
And robs the Present of repose—

Then might it float into the Past,
Its gloomy outline, now so clear,
To melt in heaven's own light at last,
Wherein life's woes like gems appear.

And softly on the evening tide,
Home to my lonely heart, maybe
Small craft of hope and love would glide
To furl their sails and rest with me.

## HAROLD,

### THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

[CONTINUED.]

### EDITH AND THE CONVENT.

The next day as Harold was entering the palace of Westminster, with intent to seek the king's lady, his father met him in one of the corridors, and taking him gravely by the hand said—

"Hast thou thought that whilst thou art loitering in these galleries, amid the ghosts of men in monk cowls, Siward is shadowing our house with his glory, and all north the Humber rings with his name? Hast thou thought that all Mercia is in the hands of Leofric our rival, and that Algar, his son, who ruled Wessex in my absence, left there a name so beloved, that had I stayed a year longer, the cry had been 'Algar' not 'Godwin?' for so is the multitude ever? Now aid me, Harold, for my soul is troubled, and I can not work alone; and though I say naught to others, my heart received a death-blow when tears fell from its blood-springs on the brow of Sweyn, my first-born." The old man paused, and his lip quivered.

"Thou, thou alone, Harold, noble boy, thou alone didst stand by his side in the hall; alone, alone, and I bless'd thee in that hour over all the rest of my sons. Well, well! now to earth again. Aid me, Harold. I open to thee my web: complete the woof when this hand is cold. I would see thee wed. Algar, son of Leofric, hath a daughter fair as the fairest; make her thy bride, that Algar may cease to be a foe. This alliance will render Mercia in truth, subject to our principalities, since the stronger must quell the weaker. It doth more Algar himself has married into the royalty of Wales. Thou wilt win all those fierce tribes to thy side.

"This day, greeting Algar, he told me he meditated bestowing his daughter on Gryffith, the rebel under-king of North Wales. Therefore," continued the old earl, with a smile, "thou must speak in time, and win and woo in the same breath No hard task, methinks, for Harold of the golden tongue."

"Sir, and father," replied the young earl, whom the long speech addressed to him had prepared for its close, and whose habitual self control saved him from disclosing his emotion, "I thank you duteously, for your care for my future, and hope to profit by your wisdom. I will ask the king's leave to go to my East Anglians, and hold there a folkmuth, and make thegn and ceorl content with Harold their earl. But vain is peace in the realm if there is strife in the house. And Aldyth, the daughter of Algar, can not be house-wife to me."

"Why?" asked the old earl, calmly, and surveying his son's face, with those eyes so clear, yet so unfathomable.

"Because, though I grant her fair, she pleases not my fancy, nor would give warmth to my hearth. Because, as thou knowest well, Algar and I have ever been opposed, both in camp and in council; and I am not the man who can sell my love, though I may stifle my anger. No bride wants Earl Harold to bring spear-

man to his back at his need; and his lordships he will guard with the shield of a man, not with the spindle of a woman."

"Said in spite and in error," said the old earl coolly. "Small pain had it given thee to forgive Algar old quarrels, and clasp his hand as a father-in-law—if thou hadst had for his daughter what the great are forbidden to regard save as a folly."

"Is love a folly, my father.?"

"Surely, yes," said the earl, with some sadness—"surely, yes, for those who know that life is made up of business and care, spun out in long years, not counted by the joys of an hour. Surely, yes; thinkest thou that I loved my first wife, the proud sister of Canute, or that Edith, thy sister, loved Edward, when he placed the crown on her head?"

"My father, in Edith, my sister, our house hath sacrificed enow to selfish power."

"I grant it, to selfish power," answered the eloquent old man, "but not enow for England's safety. Ponder it' and ask thyself if thy power, when I am dead, is not necessary to the weal of England? and if aught that thy schemes can suggest would so strengthen that power, as to find in the heart of the kingdom a host of friends like the Mercians, or a trouble and bar to thy greatness, a wall in thy path, or a thorn in thy side like the hate or the jealousy of Algar, son of Leofric?"

Thus addressed Harold's face, before serene and calm, grew troubled; and he felt the force of his father's words when appealing to his reason—not to his affections. The old man saw the advantage he had gained, and prudently forbore to press it. Rising, he drew round him his sweeping gonna lined with furs, and only when he reached the door, he added—

"The old see afar; they stand on the height of experience, as a warder on the crown of a tower; and I tell thee, Harold, that if thou let'st slip this golden occasion. years hence—long and many—thou wilt rue the loss of the hour. And if, as I suspect. thou lovest some other, who now clouds thy perception, and will then check thy ambition, thou wilt break her heart with thy desertion, or gnaw thine own with regret. For love dies in possession—ambition has no fruition, and so lives forever."

"That ambition is not mine, my father," exclaimed Harold, earnestly, "I have not thy love of power, glorious in thee even in its extremes. I have not thy———"

"Seventy years!" interrupted the old man, concluding the sentence. "At seventy all men who have been great will speak as I do; yet all have known love. Thou not ambitions, Harold! Thou knowest not thyself, nor knowest thou yet what ambition is. That which I see far before me as thy natural prize, I dare not, or I will not say. When time sets that prize within reach of thy spear's point, say then, 'I am not ambitious!' Ponder and decide."

And Harold pondered long, and decided not as Godwin could have wished. For he had not the seventy years of his father, and the prize lay yet in the womb of the mountains; though the dwarf and the gnome were already fashioning the ore to the shape of a crown.

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While Harold mused over his father's words, Edith, seated on a low stool beside the Lady of England, listened with earnest but mournful reverence to her royal namesake.

The queen's closet opened, like the king's, on one hand to an oratory, on the other to a spacious anteroom: the lower part of the walls was covered with arras, leaving space for a nich that contained an image of the Virgin. Near the doorway were caskets containing the relics of saints. The purple light from the stained glass of a high, narrow window, shaped in the Saxon arch, streamed rich and full over the queen's bended head, like a glory, and tinged her pale cheek, as with a maiden blush: and she might have furnished a sweet model for an early artist in his dreams of St. Mary the Mother, not when, young and blessed, she held the divine Infant in her arms, but when sorrow had reached even the immaculate bosom, and the stone had been rolled over the Holy Sepulcher. For beautiful the face still was, and mild beyond all words: but, beyond all words also, sad in its tender resignation.

And thus said the queen to her godchild:

"Why dost thou hesitate and turn away? Thinkest thou, poor child, in thine ignorance of life, that the world can give thee a bliss greater than the calm of the cloister? Pause, and ask thyself, young as thou art, if all the happiness thou hast known is not bounded to hope? As long as thou hopest, thou art happy."

Edith sighed deeply, and moved her young head in involuntary acquiescence.

"And what is life to the nun but hope? In that hope she knows not the present, she lives in the future: she hears ever singing, the chorus of the angels. On earth her body, in heaven her soul."

"And her heart, O Lady of England?" cried Edith with a sharp pang.

The queen paused a moment, and laid her pale hand kindly on Edith's bosom.

"Not beating child as thine does now, with vain thoughts, and worldly desires; but calm, calm as mine.

"I have known human state, and human debasement. In these halls I woke Lady of England, and ere sunset, my lord banished me, without one mark of honor, without one word of comfort, to the convent of Wherwell—my father, my mother, my kin, all in exile; and my tears falling fast for them, but not on a husband's bosom."

"Ah, then, noble Edith," said the girl, coloring up at the remembered wrong for her queen. "ah then, surely, at least, thy heart made itself heard."

"Heard, yea verily," said the queen looking up, and pressing her hands; "heard, but the soul rebuked it.. And the soul said, 'Blessed are they that mourn;, and I rejoiced at the new trial that brought me nearer to Him who chastens those He loves."

"But thy banished kin—the valiant, the wise, they who placed thy lord on the throne?"

"Was it no comfort," answered the queen simply, "to think in the house of God my prayers for them would be more accepted than in the hall of kings? Yes , my child, I have known the world's honor, and the world's disgrace, and I have schooled my heart to be calm in both."

"Ah, thou art above human strength, queen and saint," exclaimed Edith; "and I have heard it said of thee, that as thou art now, thou wert from thine earli-

est years, ever the sweet, the calm, the holy—ever less on earth than in heaven."

"My child," said the queen, with the faintest smile upon her lips, and drawing Edith toward her, "there are moments when all that breathe the breath of life feel, or have felt alike. But not to speak of myself have I sent for thee, Edith again and again solemnly and sincerely, I pray thee to obey the wish of my lord the king."

"I can not, I dare not, I can not—oh, ask me not," said poor Edith, covering her face with her hands.

Those hands the queen gently withdrew; and looking steadfastly in the changeful and half averted face, she said mournfully, "Is it so, my godchild? and is thy heart set on the hopes of earth—thy dreams on the love of man?"

"Nay," answered Edith, equivocating; "but I have promised not to take the veil."

"Promised to Hilda?"

"Hilda," exclaimed Edith, readily, "would never consent to it. Thou knowest her strong nature, her distate to—to——"

"The laws of our holy Church—I do; and for that reason it is, mainly, that I join with the king in seeking to abstract thee from her influence. But it is not Hilda that thou hast promised?"

"Is it to woman, or to man?"

Before Edith could answer, the door from the ante room opened gently, but without the usual ceremony, and Harold entered. His quick, quiet eye embraced both forms, and curbed Edith's young impulse, which made her start from her seat, and advance joyously toward him as a protector.

"Fair day to thee, my sister," said the earl, advancing; "and pardon, if I break thus rudely on thy leisure; for few are the moments when beggar and Benedictine leave thee free to thy brother."

"Dost thou reproach me, Harold?"

"No, Heaven forfend!" replied the earl, cordially, and with a look at once of pity and admiration; "for thou art one of the few, in this court of simulators, sincere and true; and it pleases thee to serve the Divine Power in thy way, as it pleases me to serve Him in mine."

Then, changing his voice, with some abruptness, he said, "But what hast thou been saying to thy fair godchild, that her cheek is pale, and her eyelids seem so heavy? Edith, Edith, my sister, beware how thou shapest the lot of the martyr without the peace of the saint. Had Algive the nun been wedded to Sweyn our brother, Sweyn were not wending, barefooted and forlorn, to lay the wrecks of desolated life at the Holy Tomb."

"Harold, Harold!" faltered the queen, much struck with his words.

The queen paced slowly, but in evident agitation, to and fro the room, and her hands clasped convulsively the rosary round her neck; then, after a pause of thought, she motioned to Edith, and, pointing to the oratory, said with forced composure, "Enter there, and there kneel; commune with thyself, and be still. Ask for a sign from above—pray for the grace within. Go; I would speak alone with Harold."

Edith crossed her arms on her bosom meekly, and passed into the oratory.

The queen watched her for a few moments, tenderly, as the slight, child-like form bent before the sacred symbol. Then she closed the door gently, and coming with a quiet step to Harold, said, in a low but clear voice, "Dost thou love the maiden?"

"Sister," answered the earl, sadly, "I love her as man should love woman—more than my life, but less than the ends life lives for."

"Oh, world, world, world!" cried the queen, passionately, "not even to thine own objects art thou true. O world! O world! thou desirest happiness below, and at every turn, with every vanity, thou tramplest happiness under foot! Yes, yes: they said to me, 'For the sake of our greatness, thou shalt wed King Edward.' And I live in the eyes that loath me—and—and——"

The queen, as if conscience-stricken, paused aghast, kissed devoutly the rosary, and continued, with such calmness that it seemed as if two women were blent in in one, so startling was the contrast. "And I have had my reward, but not from the world! Even so, Harold the earl, and earl's son, thou lovest yon fair child, and she thee; and ye might be happy, if happiness were earth's end; but, she is not a mark-stone in thy march to ambition: and so thou lovest her as man loves woman—'less than the ends life lives for!'"

"Sister," said Harold, "thou speakest as I love to hear thee speak:—as my bright-eyed, rose-lipped sister spoke in the days of old; thou speakest as a woman with warm heart, and not as the mummy in the stiff cerements of priestly form; and if thou art with me, and thou wilt give me countenance I will marry thy god-child, and save her alike from the dire superstitions of Hilda, and the grave of the abhorrent convent."

"But my father—my father!" cried the queen; "who ever bended that soul of steel?"

"It is not my father I fear; it is thou and thy monks. Forgettest thou that Edith and I are within the six banned degrees of the church?"

"True, most true," said the queen, with a look of great terror; "I had forgotten. Avaunt, the very thought! Pray—fast—banish it—my poor, poor brother!" and she kissed his brow.

"So, there fades the woman, and the mummy speaks again!" said Harold, bitterly. "Be it so; I bow to my doom. Well, there may be a time when nature on the throne of England shall prevail over priestcraft; and, in guerdon for all my services, I will then ask a king who hath blood in his veins to win me the pope's pardon and benison. Leave me that hope, my sister, and leave thy godchild on the shores of the living world."

The queen made no answer; and Harold, auguring ill from her silence, moved on and opened the door of the oratory.

But the image that there met him, that figure still kneeling, those eyes, so earnest in the tears that streamed from them fast and unheeded, fixed on the holy rood—awed his step, and checked his voice. Nor till the girl had risen, did he break silence; then he said gently, "My sister will press thee no more, Edith—"

"I say not that!" exclaimed the queen.

"Or if she doth, remember thy plighted promise under the wide cope of blue heaven, the old nor least holy temple of our common Father!"

With these words he left the room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## VALENTINE VOX, THE VENTRILOQUIST.

### VALENTINE AND THE CATS.

We left Valentine on board the Gravesend steamboat. On his arrival, after amusing himself during the day with the beauties of the place, he proceeded home with his friends, Mr. Jonas Beagle and Mr. Plumplee, who, together with another friend Miss Madonna, insisted upon his remaining there all night.

Now there happened to be only four bed-rooms in the house; the best, of course, was occupied by Miss Madonna, the second by Mr. Plumplee, the third by Mr. Beagle, and the fourth by the servant; but that in which Mr. Beagle slept was a double-bedded room, and Valentine had, therefore, to make his election between the spare bed and the sofa. Of course the former was preferred, and as the preference seemed highly satisfactory to Mr. Beagle himself, they passed the remainder of the evening very pleasantly together, and in due time retired.

Valentine, on having his bed pointed out to him, darted between the sheets in the space of a minute, when, as he did not by any means feel drowsy at the time, he fancied that he might as well amuse his companion for an hour or so as not. He, therefore, turned the thing seriously over in his mind, while Mr. Beagle was quietly undressing, being anxious for that gentleman to extinguish the light before he commenced operations.

"Now for a beautiful night's rest," observed Mr. Jonas Beagle to himself, as he put out the light with a tranquil mind, and turned in with a great degree of comfort.

"Mew!—mew!" cried Valentine, softly, throwing his voice under the bed of Mr. Beagle.

"Hish!—curse that cat!" cried Mr Beagle. "We must have you out at all events, my lady."

And Mr. Beagle at once slipped out of bed, and having opened the door, cried "hish!" again, emphatically, and threw his breeches towards the spot, as an additional inducement for the cat to "stand not upon the order of her going," when, as Valentine repeated the cry, and made it appear to proceed from the stairs, Mr. Beagle thanked Heaven that she was gone, closed the door, and very carefully groped his way again into bed.

"Mew!—mew!—mew!" cried Valentine, just as Mr. Beagle had again comfortably composed himself.

"What? are you there, still, madam?" inquired that gentleman, in a highly sarcastic tone, "I thought you had been turned out, madam! Do you hear this witch of a cat?" he continued, addressing Valentine, with the view of conferring upon him the honorable office of Tyler for the time being; but Valentine replied with a deep heavy snore, and began to mew again with additional emphasis.

"Well, I don't have a treat every day, it is true; but if this isn't one, why I'm out in my reckoning, that's all!" observed Mr. Jonas Beagle, slipping again out of bed. "I don't much like to handle you, my lady, but if I did, I'd of course give you physic!" and he "hished!" again with consummate violence, and continued to "hish" until Valentine scratched the bed post sharply, a feat which inspired Mr. Beagle with the conviction of its being the disturber of his peace in the act of decamping, when he threw his pillow very energetically towards the door, which he closed, and then returned to his bed in triumph. The moment, however, he had comfortably tucked himself up again he missed the pillow which he had converted into an instrument of vengeance, and as that was an article without which he couldn't even hope to go to sleep, he had of course to turn out again to fetch it.

"How many more times, I wonder," he observed, to himself, "shall I have to get out of this blessed bed to-night? Exercise certainly is a comfort, and very conducive to health; but such exercise as this—why where have you got to?" he added, addressing the pillow, which, with all the sweeping action of his feet he was for some time unable to find—"Oh, here you are, sir, are you?" and he picked up the object of his search and gave it several very severe blows in the belly, when, having reinstated himself between the sheets, he exclaimed in a subdued tone, "Well, let's try again!"

Now, Mr. Jonas Beagle was a man who prided himself especially upon the evenness of his temper. He did, however, feel when he violently smote the pillow, that that little ebullition partook somewhat of the nature of passion, and had just commenced reproaching himself for having indulged in that little ebullition, when Valentine cried "Meyow!—pit!—Meyow!"

"Hallo! exclaimed Mr. Jonas Beagle, "here again!"

"Mew!" cried Valentine, in a somewhat higher key.

"What, another come to contribute to the harmony of the evening!"

"Meyow!—meyow!" cried Valentine, in a key still higher.

"Well, how many more of you?" inquired Mr. Beagle. "You'll be able to get up a concert by-and-bye;" and Valentine began to spit and swear with great felicity.

"Swear away, you beauties!" cried Mr. Jonas Beagle, as he listened to this volley of feline oaths; "I only wish that I was not so much afraid of you for your sakes! At it again? Well this is a blessing. Don't you hear these devils of cats!" he cried, anxious not to have all the fun to himself; but Valentine recommenced snoring very loudly. "Well, this is particularly pleasant" he continued, as he sat up in bed. "Don't you hear! What a comfort it is to be able to sleep so soundly!" which remarkable observation was doubtless provoked by the no less remarkable fact, that at that particular moment the spitting and swearing become more and more desperate.

"What's to be done?" he inquired very pointedly. "What's to be done? my breeches are right in the midst of them all. I can't get out now; they'd tear the very flesh off my legs: and that fellow there sleeps like a top. Hallo! Do you mean to say you don't hear these cats, how they're going it?" Valentine certainly meant to say no such thing, for the whole of the time that he was not engaged in meyowing and spitting, he was diligently occupied in snoring, which had a very good effect, and served to fill up the intervals excellently well.

At length the patience of Mr. Jonas Beagle began to evaporate; for the hostile animals continued to battle apparently with great desperation. He, therefore, threw a pillow with great violence into the bed of his companion, and shouted so loudly, that Valentine, feeling that it would be deemed perfect nonsense for him to pretend to be asleep any longer, began to yawn very naturally, and then to cry out "Who's there?"

"'Tis I!" shouted Mr. Jonas Beagle. "Don't you hear these witches of cats?"

"Hish!" cried Valentine, "why there are two of them!"

"Two!" said Mr. Beagle; "more likely two and twenty! I've turned out a dozen myself. There's a swarm, a whole colony of them here; and I know no more how to strike a light than a fool."

"Oh, never mind, let's go to sleep, they'll be quiet by-and-bye."

"It's all very fine to say, let's go to sleep; but who's to do it?" cried Beagle emphatically. "Curse the cats! I wish there wasn't a cat under heaven—I do, with all my soul! They're such spiteful vermin too when they happen to be put out, and there's one of them in a passion I know by her spitting, confound her! I wish from the very bottom of my heart it was the very last spit she had in her."

While Mr. Jonas Beagle was indulging in these highly appropriate observations, Valentine was laboring with great energy in the production of the various bitter cries which are so peculiarly characteristic of the feline race, and for a man who possessed but a very slight knowledge of the grammatical construction of the language of that race, it must in justice be said that he developed a degree of fluency which did him great credit. He purred, and mewed, and cried, and swore, and spit, until the perspiration oozed from every pore, and made the sheets as wet as if they had just been "damped for the mangle."

"Well, this is a remarkably nice position for a man to be placed in, certainly," observed Mr. Beagle. "Did you EVER! hear such wailing and gnashing of teeth? Are you never going to leave off, you DEVILS?" he added, throwing the bolster with great violence under the bed, and therefore, as he fondly conceived, right among them. Instead, however, of striking the cats therewith, he unhappily upset a basin which rolled with great velocity from one end of the room to the other, and made during its progress so singular a clatter, that he began to "tut! tut!" and to scratch his head audibly.

"Who's there?" demanded Plumplee in the passage below, for he slept in the room beneath, and the rolling of the article in question had alarmed him: "Who's there? d'ye hear? Speak, or I'll shoot you like a dog!" and on the instant the report of a pistol was heard, which in all probability had been fired with the view of convincing all whom it might concern that there was such a thing as a pistol in the house.

"Who's there?" he again demanded: "You vagabonds, I'll be at you!" an intimation that may be held to have been extremely natural under the circumstances, not only because he had not even the slightest intention of carrying so desperate a

design into execution, but because he—in consequence of having supped off cucumbers and crabs, of which he happened to be particularly fond, seeing that as they didn't agree with him, and invariably made him suffer, they partook of the nature of forbidden fruit—he had singularly enough been dreaming of being attacked by a party of burglars, and of having succeeded in frightening them away by holding out a precisely similar threat.

"Beagle!" he shouted, after waiting in vain for the street door to bang.

"Here!" cried Beagle, "come up here! It's nothing: I'll explain! For Heaven's sake," he added, addressing Valentine, "open the door," but the latter was too much engaged to pay any attention to any such request.

At this moment the footsteps of Mr. Plumplee were heard upon the stairs, and Mr. Beagle, who then began to feel somewhat better, cried out, "Come in! my good friend, come in!"

"What on earth is the matter?" inquired Mr. Plumplee, as he entered the room pale as a ghost, in a night shirt, with a pistol in one hand and a lamp in the other.

"It's all right," said Beagle, "'twas I that made the noise. I've been besieged by a cohort of cats. They have been at it here making most healthful music under my bed for the last two hours, and in trying to make them hold their peace with the bolster, I upset that noisy affair, that's all."

"Cats!" cried Mr. Plumplee, "cats!—you ate a little too much cucumber, my friend!—that and the crabs were too heavy for your stomach!—you have been dreaming!—you've had the nightmare! We haven't a cat in the house; I can't bear them."

"You are mistaken," rejoined Beagle, "they're about here in swarms. If I've turned one cat out this night, I'm sure I've turned out twenty! I've in fact done nothing else since I came up! In and out, in and out! Upon my life, I think I can't have opened that blessed door less than a hundred and fifty times; and that young fellow there has been all the while fast as a church!"

"I tell you, my friend, you've been dreaming! We have never had a cat about the premises."

"Meyow—meyow!"

"Now have I been dreaming!" triumphantly exclaimed Mr. Beagle, "now have I had the nightmare?"

"God bless my life!" cried Mr. Plumplee, jumping upon Mr. Beagle's bed, "they don t belong to me!"

"I don't know whom they belong to," returned Mr. Beagle, nor do I much care; I only know that there they are! If you'll just hook those breeches up here, I'll get out and half murder them. Only hook 'em this way. I'll wring their precious necks off!"

"They're out of my reach," cried Plumplee.

"Hish! hish!" Finding, however, that harsh terms had no good effect, he had recourse to the milder and more persuasive cry of "Pussy, pussy, pussy! tit, tit!'

"Hish! you devils!" cried Mr. Jonas Beagle, who began to be really enraged!

"Titty, titty, titty!—puss, puss, puss!" repeated Mr. Plumplee in the blandest and most seductive tones, as he held the pistol by the muzzle to break the back or to knock out the brains of the first unfortunate cat that made her appearance; but all this persuasion to come forth had no effect; they continued to be invisible, while the mewing continued in the most melancholy strain.

"What on earth are we to do?" inquired Plumplee. "I myself have a horror of cats."

"The same to me, and many of 'em!" observed Mr. Beagle. "Let's wake that young fellow, perhaps he don't mind them."

"Hollo!" cried Plumplee.

"Hul-lo!" shouted Beagle; but as neither could make any impression upon the profound sleeper, and as both were afraid to get off the bed to shake him, they proceeded to roll up the blankets and sheets into balls, and to pelt him with infinite zeal.

"Who's there? What's the matter?" cried Valentine at length, in the coolest tone imaginable, although his exertion had made him sweat like a tinker.

"For Heaven's sake, my dear young friend," said Mr. Plumplee, "do assist us in turning these cats out."

"Cats! Where are they? Hish!" cried Valentine.

"Oh, that's of no use whatever. I've tried the hishing business myself. All the hishing in the world won't do. They must be beaten out: you're not afraid of them, are you?"

"Afraid of them! afraid of a few cats!" exclaimed valentine, with the assumption of some considerable magnanimity; "where are they?"

'Under my bed," replied Beagle. "There's a brave fellow! Break their blessed necks!" and he leaped out of bed, and after striking at the imaginary animals very furiously with the bolster, he hissed with great violence, and scratched across the grain of the boards in humble imitation of those domestic creatures scampering out of a room, when he rushed to the door, and proceeded to make a very forlorn meyowing die gradually away at the bottom of the stairs.

"Thank heaven! they are all gone at last!" cried Mr. Beagle; "we shall be able to get a little rest now, I suppose;" and after very minutely surveying every corner of the room in which it was possible for one of them to have lingered, he lighted his candle, bade Plumplee good night, and begged him to go immediately to Miss Madonna, who had been calling for an explanation very anxiously below.

As soon as Plumplee had departed, Beagle and his fellow-lodger proceeded to remake the bed; and when they had accomplished this highly important business with the skill and dexterity of a couple of thorough-bred chambermaids, the light was again extinguished, and Mr. Beagle very naturally made up his mind to have a six-hours' sound and uninterrupted sleep. He had, however, scarcely closed his eyes when the mewing was renewed, and as he had not even the smallest disposition to "listen to the sounds so familiar to his ear," he started up at once and exclaimed, "I wish I may die, if they are all out now," threw the counterpane, a blanket, and a sheet over his shoulder, tucked a pillow and a bolster under his arm, and rushed out of the room.

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## LADIES' TABLE.

### BEAD COLLARS.

These are made in beads only, or in beads and bugles. If the latter be employed, they must be about one-third of an inch long, and large enough to pass a needle with strong thread at least twice through. Bead collars are made either in black or white. Alabaster beads are the shades of white which most nearly resemble the color of bugles. You may either form stars, diamonds and other devices, in a mixture of beads and bugles, and tack them at intervals on a paper collar of the proper form and size, filling up the spaces and forming it into a collar by *guipuring*, if I may use the term, with other beads and bugles, and adding an edge to the same; or you may work on a piece of ribbon long enough to go round the neck, and forming a *foundation*. In this case you make it like a fringe, but rather full, so as to set well round the shoulders.

It is not needful to give patterns of this kind of work; but I will observe that the edges of the bugles being sharp and very liable to cut the thread, it is always well to shield it by putting on a bead before any part where two or three threads come together. The thread ought always to be waxed. For black work, black crochet silk is better than thread, and less liable to cut.

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GOOSEBERRY OR APPLE TRIFLE.—Scald such a quantity of either of these fruits as when pulped through a sieve will make a thick layer at the bottom of your dish; if of apples, mix the rind of half a lemon grated fine, and to both as much sugar as will be pleasant. Mix half a pint of milk, half a pint of cream, and the yolk of one egg; give it a scald over the fire, and stir it all the time; do not let it boil; add a little sugar only, and let it grow cold. Lay it over the apples with a spoon; and then put it on a whip made the day before, as for other trifles.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1868.

## THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH AMERICANIZED.

For over a thousand years the "Holy Catholic Church" has been deemed the representative of all that was stagnant, stationary and stereotyped. Its sole object on earth was understood to be to fight for everything that was ancient and worn out. Everything new in religion, science, or politics, was known to be its special horror. In particular was its spite supposed to be aroused by anything Republican or Democratic. What shall we say then to the fact that Roman Catholicism has achieved its greatest success since the days of Luther, in Republican King-hating America!

In the year 1800 there were but ninety thousand Catholics in America, at the present day there are nearly five million. They have increased faster than the population of the country. We are told that while the general increase of the country has been about thirty-six per cent, the Catholic increase has been one hundred and twenty-five per cent. So rapidly and surely is Catholicism increasing in America that its advocates consider that its becoming the dominant church is only a question of time. They look forward with joyous certainty to the collapsing of the numerous American churches, and the tumbling of the whole into the lap of the papacy at no distant period. Of course the enormous increase made by the Catholic Church just mentioned, is not entirely made up of converts. Large additions have been made by births in Catholic families. Emigration has, of course, also helped the Catholics largely, yet, both these facts are taken into account in the increase of the population of the country of which the Catholic increase is so far ahead.

The great secret of the success of the Catholic Church on this continent lies first in the power of its wonderful organization, and secondly in its adapting itself—contrary to its character in all past times—to the spirit and institutions of the age. In a word it has Americanized itself and so has succeeded. Its advocates in America declare to-day that of all religions it is the most republican, and of all creeds the greatest advocate of freedom of opinion and the use of reason.

What with this new creed thus favoring reason and human judgment, and the imposing grandeur which a united church presents to the mind distracted by the divisions and weaknesses of Protestantism, it is no wonder that Catholicism should succeed. Men inclined to reason cannot bring themselves to believe in the infallibility and divinity of every word in the Bible, as stickled for by Protestants; and they are anxious for a church with something like power and unity—they have both in Catholicism. Hence the idea that "there is no stepping stone between Rome and Reason" is now influencing the minds of thousands with peculiar force.

But not only is Romish America growing fast in numbers, it is increasing with a rapidity unknown to every other church in wealth. Its churches are the finest throughout the land. It rears its marble cathedrals. Its public schools are in almost every city and its religious houses are rising everywhere. Part of its policy for years has been to secure land in every new city, while it is cheap. At this moment it is in this way securing for itself a foothold all over the country. Already, as the result of this course, it owns the finest building sites in every city of importance. It collects money by the thousand where other churches raise but hundreds, with the advantage over Protestantism that it expends the whole of that in the extension of one system, which in Protestantism is distributed and frittered away upon a dozen differing sects. The whole of its wealth is directed through an all-powerful organization, by a priesthood who live but for the glorification and dominion of their Church.

Among other novel accessories to its strength and influence, adopted by the American Catholic Church, is its newly adopted habit of copying everything likely to be useful from its old antagonist, Protestantism. It has copied its Sunday School system. Perhaps more than a million Sunday School children are now taught every Sunday the faith as it is in Rome. It also has adopted the old Protestant idea of Tract distributing, and throws out its four-paged pamphlets by the cord all over the land—meeting the Protestants on their own ground; denying their statements respecting their faith, and quoting scripture for scripture on every point. In fact, as Mr. Parton says, this Church, hoary with age, is exhibiting the effects of "new blood" in its system. Our readers will see that with seven archbishops, forty bishops, three mitred abbots, sixty-five colleges, about two hundred and fifty convents, and nearly five million believers, the "new blood," in question, has a good chance to show what it can do.

It has been supposed by some that Rome denies all modern Revelation and miracles. She denies neither. Great are the cases instanced by modern Romanists of miracles occurring under their observation. And as to present Revelation, while they deny that any new Revelation is necessary for the Church *on faith and morals*, they hold that all can have Revelation for themselves for their individual comfort; and they assert that their Councils are guided by inspiration as to correctly understanding what has already been given. But they expect no revelation of *new doctrine*, as, in their estimation, all that is necessary on points of faith has already been imparted.

It is amusing to observe the modern members of the Church that imprisoned Galileo for saying that the world moved, take up the cudgels against Protestants on the score of their opposing sciences that are hurtful to their views. The American Romanist says he glories in the revelations of the sciences, they all prove his religion true. His church did not think so once, we are well aware. Again, is it not curious to behold Protestantism, the great champion of the right of individual judgment, defending its fear of human reason. Martin Luther, its founder, said that reason was a "silly blind fool," and he politely termed it the "Devil's bride and a petty strumpet." Catholics say, in rebelling against Rome, and declaring the infallibility of every scriptural text, it has asserted the

right to think, and the right *not* to think at one and the same time. Refusing a priesthood the power to fetter it, it has simply transferred the power to a book. This they declare to be an inconsistency. There is another idea which the Catholic thinks very ridiculous, namely the Protestant assertion that *all human nature is depraved*, and, yet, that every individual possessing this depraved human nature is perfectly capable of judging for him or herself on all religious questions.

In the preceding we have endeavored to exhibit some of the phases of the Catholicism of to-day in America. It will be seen that by opening the door to science, it has widened the entrance for the approach of thousands of intellectual men to its sanctuary. By associating with itself modern appliances for its propagation it stands on such vantage ground as it never held before—and now or never it has an open field. Whether this modernization of the habits of this ancient church, is endorsed at heart by the chief of the Catholic Church, or merely permitted by him as the only way of spreading his influence in America, one thing is certain—he has granted a point which the free souls of American Catholics will never yield back to him again. Roman Catholicism in America is henceforth transformed for ever.

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## OLD AND NEW SYSTEMS OF TEACHING VOCAL MUSIC.

### No. VI.

HISTORY OF MR. CURWIN'S SYSTEM.

As Mr. Curwin was a clergyman by profession and not a musician, his difficulties were very great indeed in the introduction of a new notation; they were rendered greater by the fact of his not possessing a good ear for music. He tells us that when he first started "he could neither pitch a tune correctly, nor by any means make out from the notes the plainest psalm-tune that he had not heard before."

This defect, however, did not daunt him; and he eventually succeeded in teaching both children and adults.

It appears by a lecture delivered by Mr. Curwin to the teachers of the "Home and Colonial School Society," on the 8th of July, 1846, "that the systems in print in 1841 were as a sealed book to him," but being called to attend a meeting of Ministers, Sunday School Teachers and friends of Sunday Schools, connected with the various denominations of Hull, where congregational psalmody, and the importance of introducing some simple method of singing to the churches and Sunday Schools was discussed, he was commissioned, and in some degree pledged, to give attention to the subject of class teaching in its most simple form. From this pledge he was led to hunt up a system adapted to the requirements of children and congregations.

After studying the systems of Mr. Hullah and others he found their methods altogether unsuitable to his purpose, and he felt at first almost discouraged However he at last obtained a system compiled by Miss Glover, which he found adapted to his wants. As this system did not pretend to supersede the old, and universal notation, but only to act as a help-mate to its introduction, he felt a hope that he had found the key to success in making vocal music universal.

His success amongst congregations and Sunday Schools was great, and the lovers of the vocal art found what they had so long desired—a simple method whereby they could study with little difficulty or loss of much time.

Personally I must confess, that on first studying Mr. Curwin's system the modulation, or ladders introduced for the changing of keys—and which Mr. Curwin called simple—gave me much trouble to understand; in fact Mr. Curwin was himself in the same fix when be began to inspect this peculiar diagram. His new notation of intervals was easy enough. The signs for the marking of time also presented no difficulty, although it appeared, to me at least, quite as much trouble for children and adults of common capacity to understand as was the old notation length of notes and the cleffs. However on the whole it was evident that the system would do much good.

The letters D, R, M, F, S, L, T, D, representing the scale or octave, while the modulator points to the sounding of intervals is a most systematic and sure road to a correct knowledge of the peculiarity of each note; and Mr. Curwin's method of describing their effect on the ear, is also excellent.

As the system has been so much studied in the city and settlements, I will simply state that, as Mr Curwin did not intend to throw the old notation aside, but merely to use the new one as introductory, it is in these respects if in no other a useful adjunct to musical art.

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## NOTICE TO ALL WISHING TO SUSCRIBE.

Our friends in the settlements are informed that all persons needing it, will be credited until after harvest. None need fear being unable to pay in consequence of destruction of their crops by grasshoppers as in that case we will grant any further reasonable time.

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## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MILKY WAY.—The nebulæ of the Milky Way—so far as operated upon by instruments of sufficient strength—have been resolved into separate and distinct stars—each a sun for aught we know. It is true that some strongly assert that the reason the rest are not thus resolvable is because they are mere masses of gaseous vapor. We incline to the belief that telescopes of sufficient power will resolve all, or nearly all, yet Our solar system is supposed to belong to the same cluster as the Milky Way.

READER.—The scriptural phrase "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion, on the SIDES OF THE NORTH, the city of the Great King," could scarcely apply to any Mount Zion in the vicinity of Jerusalem, inasmuch as Jerusalem is in the south of the Holy Land. and Mount Zion on the southern side of Jerusalem, according to the maps. The Mount Zion in question is on "the sides of the north," not south.

RIDER.—For a cracked hoof in horses, tar and tallow, melted and mixed in equal parts is recommended.

I QUERE.—You are right to an extent. A partial immortality is held by some people. They believe that only such as obtain the benefits of Jesus Christ's death will live for ever. The rest they suppose will be annihilated or undergo a process equivalent in character. To obtain another life or a continuation of this beyond the grave, for such as believe in him, is considered the special object of Christ's mission.

AMY G.—His object may be to secure a prospective home before he commits himself; other motives of a delicate nature may also actuate his delay. Perhaps he considers that, already in saying what he has, he has made a virtual offer. Judge by his earnestness and truthfulness of manner. If he appears to be a trifler, seek better company; but no one should be condemned at once for not naming a definite period of marriage until his motives were well understood.

# FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCICAULT.

[CONTINUED]

## CHAPTER VIII.

The wind steady from the west for two whole days, and the Proserpine showed her best sailing qualities, and ran four hundred and fifty miles in that time.

Then came a dead calm, and the sails flapped lazily, and the masts described an arc; and the sun broiled, and the sailors whistled; and the Captain drank; and the mate encouraged him.

During this calm, Miss Rolleston fell downright ill, and quitted the deck. Then Mr. Hazel was very sad; borrowed all the books in the ship, and read them, and took notes; and when he had done this, he was at leisure to read men, and so began to study Hiram Hudson, Joseph Wylie, and others, and take a few notes about them.

From these we select some that are better worth the reader's attention, than anything we could relate in our own persons at this stagnant part of the story.

## PASSAGES FROM MR. HAZEL'S DIARY.

### CHARACTERS ON BOARD THE PROSERPINE.

"There are two sailors, messmates, who have formed an antique friendship; their names are John Welch and Samuel Cooper. Welch is a very able seaman and a chatterbox. Cooper is a good sailor, but very silent; only what he does say is much to the purpose.

"The gabble of Welch is agreeable to the silent Cooper; and Welch admires Cooper's taciturnity.

"I asked Welch what made him like Cooper so much. And he said, 'Why you see, sir, he is my messmate, for one thing, and a seaman that knows his work; and then he has been well eddycated, and then he knows when to hold his tongue, does Sam.'

"I asked Cooper why he was so fond of Welch. He only grunted in an uneasy way at first; but when I pressed for a reply, he let out two words—'Capital company;' and got away from me.

"Their friendship, though often roughly expressed, is really a tender and touching sentiment. I think either of these sailors would bare his back and take a dozen lashes in place of his messmate. I too once thought I had made such a friend. Eheu!

"Both Cooper and Welch seem, by their talk, to consider the ship a living creature. Cooper chews. Welch only smokes, and often lets his pipe out; he is voluble.

"Captain Hudson is quite a character; or, I might say, two characters; for he is one man when he is sober, and another when he is the worse for liquor; and that, I am sorry to see is very often. Captain Hudson, sober, is a rough, bearish seaman, with a quick, experienced eye, that takes in every rope in the ship, as he walks up and down his quarter-deck. He either evades, or bluntly declines conversation, and gives his whole mind to sailing his ship.

"Captain Hudson, drunk, is a garrulous man, who seems to have drifted back into the past. He comes up to you and talks of his own accord, and always about himself, and what he did fifteen or twenty years since. He forgets whatever has occurred half an hour ago; and his eye, which was an eagle's is now a mole's. He no longer sees what his sailors are doing alow or aloft; to be sure, he no longer cares; his present ship may take care of herself while he is talking of his past ones. But the surest indicia of inebriety in Hudson are these two First, his nose is red. Secondly, he discourses upon a seaman's 'duty to his employers.'" Ebrius rings the changes on his 'duty to his employers' till drowsiness attacks his hearers. Cicero de officiis was all very well at a certain period of one's life; but bibulus nauta de officils is rather too much.

"N.B. Except when his nose is red, not a word about his 'duty to his employers.' That phrase, like a fine lady, never ventures into the morning air. It is purely post-prandial, and sacred to occasions when he is utterly neglecting his duty to his employers, and to everybody else.

"All this is ridiculous enough but somewhat alarming. To think that her precious life should be intrusted to the care and skill of so unreliable a captain!"

"Joseph Wylie, the mate, is less eccentric, but even more remarkable. He is one of those powerfully-built fellows, whom Nature, one would think, constructed to gain all their ends by force and directness. But no such thing; he goes about as softly as a cat; is always popping up out of holes and corners, and I can see he watches me, and tries to hear what I say to her. He is civil to me when I speak to him; yet, I notice, he avoids me quietly. Altogether, there is something about him that puzzles me. Why was he so reluctant to let me on board as a passenger? Why did he tell a downright falsehood? For he said there was no room for me; yet, even now, there are two cabins vacant, and he has taken possession of them.

"The mate of this ship has several barrels of spirits in his cabin, or rather, cabins, and it is he who makes the captain drunk. I learned this from one of the boys. This looks ugly. I fear Wylie is a bad, designing man, who wishes to ruin the captain, and so get his place. But, meantime, the ship might be endangered by this drunkard's misconduct. I shall watch Wylie closely, and perhaps put the captain on his guard against this false friend.

"Last night, a breeze got up about sunset, and H. R. came on deck for half an hour. I welcomed her as calmly as I could; but I felt my voice tremble and my heart throb. She told me the voyage tired her much; but it was the last she would have to make. How strange, how hellish (God forgive me for saying so!) it seems that SHE should love HIM. But, does she love him? Can she love him? Could she love him if she knew all? Know him she shall before she marries him. For the present, be still, my heart.

"She soon went below and left me desolate. I wandered all about the ship, and, at last, I came upon the inseparables—Welch and Cooper. They were squatted on the deck, and Welch's tongue was going as usual. He was talking about this Wylie, and saying that, in all his ships, he had never known such a mate as this; why the captain was under his thumb. He then gave a string of captains, each of which would have given his mate a round dozen at the gangway, if he had taken so much on him, as this one does.

"'Grog!' suggested Cooper, in extenuation.

"Welch admitted Wylie was liberal with that, and friendly enough with the men; but, still, he preferred to see a ship commanded by the captain, and not by a lubber like Wylie.

"I expressed some surprise at this term, and said I had envied Wylie's nerves in a gale of wind we encountered early in the voyage.

"The talking sailor explained, 'In course, he has been to sea afore this, and weathered many a gale.'

"But so has the cook.

"'That don't make a man a sailor. You ask him how to send down a to'-gallant yard or gammon a bowsprit, or even mark a lead line, and he'll stare at ye, like Old Nick, when the angel caught him with the red-hot tongues, and questioned him out of the Church Catechism. Ask Sam there, if ye don't believe me. Sam, what do you think of this Wylie for a seaman?'

"Cooper could not afford anything so precious, in his estimate of things, as a word; but he lifted a great brawny hand, and gave a snap with his finger and thumb, that disposed of the mate's pretensions to seamanship more expressively than words could have done it.

"The breeze has freshened, and the ship glides rapidly through the water, bearing us all homeward. Helen Rolleston has resumed her place upon deck; and all seems bright again. I ask myself how we existed without the sight of her.

"This morning the wind shifted to the south-west; the captain surprised us by taking in sail. But his sober eye had seen something more than ours; for at noon it blew a gale, and by sunset it was deemed prudent to bring the ship's head to the wind, and we are now lying-to. The ship lurches, and the wind howls through the bare rigging; but she rides buoyantly, and no danger is apprehended.

"Last night, as I lay in my cabin, unable to sleep, I heard some heavy blows strike the ship's side repeatedly, causing quite a vibration. I felt alarmed, and went out to tell the captain. But I was obliged to go on my hands and knees, such was the force of the wind. Passing the mate's cabin, I heard sounds that made me listen acutely, and I then found the blows were being struck inside the ship. I got to the captain and told him. 'Oh,' said he, 'ten to one it's the mate nailing down his chests, or the like.' But I assured him the blows struck

the sides of the ship, and, at my earnest request, he came out and listened. He swore a great oath, and said the lubber would be through the ship's side. He then tried the cabin-door, but it was locked.

"The sounds ceased directly.

"We called to the mate, but received no reply for a long time. At last Wylie came out of the gun-room, looking rather pale, and asked what was the matter.

"I told him he ought to know best, for the blows were heard where he had just come from.

"'Blows!' said he, 'I believe you. Why, a tierce of butter had got adrift, and was bumping up and down the hold like thunder.' He then asked us whether that was what we had disturbed him for, entered his cabin, and almost slammed the door in our faces.

"I remarked to the captain on his disrespectful conduct. The captain was civil, and said I was right; he was a cross-grained, unmanageable brute, and he wished he was out of the ship. 'But you see, sir, he has got the ear of the merchant ashore; and so I am obliged to hold a candle to the devil, as the saying is.' He then fired a volley of oaths and abuse at the offender, and, not to encourage foul language, I retired to my cabin.

"The wind declined towards daybreak, and the ship recommenced her voyage at 8 a.m.; but under treble-reefed topsails and reefed courses.

"I caught the captain and mate talking together in the friendliest way possible. That Hudson is a humbug; there is some mystery between him and the mate.

"To day H. R. was on deck for several hours, conversing sweetly, and looking like the angel she is. But happiness soon flies from me; a steamer came in sight, bound for Sydney. She signalled us to heave-to, and send a boat. This was done, and the boat brought back a letter for HER. It seems they took us for the Shannon, in which ship she was expected.

"The letter was from HIM. How her cheek flushed and her eye beamed as she took it. And, O the sadness, the agony that stood beside her unheeded.

"I left the deck; I could not have contained myself. What a thing is wealth! By wealth, that wretch can stretch out his hand across the ocean, and put a letter into her hand under my very eye. Away goes all that I have gained by being near her, while he is far away. He is not in England now, he is here. His odious presence has driven me from her. O that I could be a child again, or in my grave, to get away from this hell of love and hate."

At this point, we beg leave to take the narrative into our own hands again.

Mr. Hazel actually left the deck to avoid the sight of Helen Rolleston's flushed cheek and beaming eyes, reading Arthur Wardlaw's letter.

And here we may as well observe that he retired not merely because the torture was hard to bear. He had some disclosures to make on reaching England; but his good sense told him this was not the time, or the place, to make them, nor Helen Rolleston to whom, in the first instance, they ought to be made.

While he tries to relieve his swelling heart by putting its throbs on paper (and, in truth, this is some faint relief, for want of which many a less unhappy man than Hazel has gone mad), let us stay by the lady's side, and read her letter with her:

"Russell Square, Dec. 15, 1865.

"My dear Love: Hearing that the Antelope steam-packet was going to Sydney, by way of Cape Horn, I have begged the captain, who is under some obligations to me, to keep a good look-out for the Shannon, homeward bound, and board her with these lines, weather permitting.

"Of course, the chances are that you will not receive them at sea; but still you possibly may; and my heart is so full of you, I seize any excuse for overflowing; and then I picture to myself that bright face reading an unexpected letter in mid ocean, and so I taste beforehand the greatest pleasure my mind can conceive—the delight of giving you pleasure, my own sweet Helen.

"News, I have very little. You know how deeply and devotedly you are beloved—know it so well that I feel words are almost wasted in repeating it. Indeed, the time, I hope, is at hand when the word love will hardly be mentioned between us. For my part, I think it will be too visible in every act, and look, and word of mine, to need repetition. We do not speak much about the air we live in. We breathe it, and speak with it, not of it.

"I suppose all lovers are jealous. I think I should go mad if you were to give me a rival; but then I do not understand that ill natured jealousy which would rob the beloved object of all affections but the one. I know my Helen loves her father; loves him, perhaps, as well, or better, than she does me. Well, in spite of that, I love him too. Do you know, I never see that erect form, that model of courage and probity come into a room, but I say to myself, 'Here comes my benefactor; but for this man there would be no Helen in the world.' Well, dearest, an unexpected circumstance has given me a little military influence (these things do happen in the city); and I really believe that, what with his acknowledged merits (I am secretly informed a very high personage said, the other day, he had not received justice), and the influence I speak of, a post will shortly be offered to your father that will enable him to live, henceforth, in England, with comfort—I might say, affluence. Perhaps he might live with us. That depends upon himself.

"Looking forward to this, and my own still greater happiness, diverts my mind a while from the one ever-pressing anxiety. But, alas! it will return. By this time my Helen is on the seas—the terrible, the treacherous, the cruel seas, that spare neither beauty nor virtue, nor the longing hearts at home. I have conducted this office for some years, and thought I knew care and anxiety. But I find I knew neither till now.

"I have two ships at sea, the Shannon and the Proserpine. The Proserpine carries eighteen chests of specie, worth a hundred and thirty thousand pounds. I don't care one straw whether she sinks or swims. But the Shannon carries my darling; and every gust at night awakens me, and every day I go into the great room at Lloyd's and watch the anemometer. O God! be merciful, and bring my angel safe to me! O God! be just, and strike her not for my offences!

"Besides the direct perils of the sea are some others you might escape by prudence. Pray avoid the night air, for my sake, who could not live if any evil befell you; and be careful in your diet. You were not looking so well as usual when I left. Would I had words to make you know your own value. Then you would feel it a duty to be prudent.

"But I must not sadden you with my fears; let me turn to my hopes. How bright they are; what joy, what happiness is sailing towards me, nearer and nearer every day. I ask myself, myself what am I that such a paradise should be mine.

"My love, when we are one, shall we share every thought, or shall I keep commerce, speculation, and its temptations away from your pure spirit? Sometimes I think I should like to have neither thought nor occupation unshared by you; and that you would purify trade itself by your contact; at other times I say to myself, 'O, never soil that angel with your miserable business; but go home to her as if you were going from earth to heaven, for a few blissful hours.' But you shall decide this question, and every other.

"Must I close this letter? Must I say no more though I have scarcely begun?

"Yes, I will end, since, perhaps, you will never see it.

"When I have sealed it, I mean to hold it in my clasped hands, and so pray to the Almighty to take it safe to you, and to bring you safe to him, who can never know peace nor joy till he sees you once more.

"Your devoted and anxious lover,

ARTHUR WARDLAW."

Helen Rolleston read this letter more than once. She liked it none the less for being disconnected and unbusiness-like. She had seen her Arthur's business letters; models of courteous conciseness. She did not value such compositions. This one she did. She smiled over it, all beaming and blushing; she kissed it, and read it again, and sat with it in her lap.

But, by and by, her mood changed, and, when Mr. Hazle ventured upon deck again, he found her with her forehead sinking on her extended arm, and the lax hand was holding the letter. She was crying.

The whole drooping attitude was so lovely, so feminine, yet so sad, that Hazle stood irresolute, looking wistfully at her.

She caught sight of him, and, by a natural impulse, turned gently away as if to hide her tears. But, the next moment she altered her mind, and said, with a quiet dignity that came natural to her at times, "Why should I hide my cares from you sir? Mr. Hazel, may I speak to you as a clergyman?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Hazel, in a somewhat faint voice.

She pointed to a seat and he sat down near her.

She was silent for some time; her lip quivered a little; she was struggling inwardly for that decent composure, which, on certain occasions, distinguishes the lady from the mere woman;

and it was with a pretty firm voice she said what follows:—

"I am going to tell you a little secret; one I have kept from my own father. It is—that I have not very long to live."

Her hazel eye rested calmly on his face while she said these words quietly.

He received them with amazement, at first; amazement, that soon deepened into horror. "What do you mean?" he gasped. "What words are these?"

"Thank you for minding so much," said she, sweetly. "I will tell you. I have fits of coughing, not frequent, but violent; and then blood very often comes from my lungs. That is a bad sign you know. I have been so for months now, and I am a good deal wasted; my hand used to be very plump; look at it now. Poor Arthur!"

She turned away her head to drop a gentle, unselfish tear or two; and Hazel stared with increasing alarm at the lovely but wasted hand she still held out to him, and glanced, too, at Arthur Wardlaw's letter, held slightly by the beloved fingers.

He said nothing, and, when she looked round again, he was pale and trembling. The revelation was so sudden.

"Pray be calm, sir," said she. "We need speak of this no more. But, now, I think, you will not be surprised that I come to you for religious advice and consolation, short as our acquaintance is."

"I am in no condition to give them," said Hazel, in great agitation. "I can think of nothing but how to save you. May Heaven help me, and give me wisdom for that."

"This is idle," said Helen Rolleston, gently, but firmly. "I have had the best advice for months, and I get worse; and Mr. Hazel, I shall never be better. So, aid me to bow to the will of Heaven. Sir, I do not repine at leaving the world: but it does grieve me to think how my departure will affect those whose happiness is very, very dear to me."

She then looked at the letter, blushed, and hesitated a moment; but ended by giving it to him whom she had applied to as her religious adviser.

"Oblige me by reading that. And, when you have, I think you will grant me a favor I wish to ask you. Poor fellow! so full of hopes that I am doomed to disappoint."

She rose to hide her emotion, and left Arthur Wardlaw's letter in the hands of him who loved her, if possible, more devotedly than Arthur Wardlaw did; and she walked the deck pensively, little dreaming how strange a thing she had done.

As for Hazel, he was in a situation poignant with agony; only the heavy blow that had just fallen had stunned and benumbed him. He felt a natural repugnance to read this letter. But she had given him no choice. He read it. In reading it he felt a mortal sickness come over him, but he persevered; he read it carefully to the end, and he was examining the signature keenly, when Miss Rolleston rejoined him.

"He loves me, does he not?" said she, wistfully.

Hazel looked half-stupidly in her face for a moment; then, with a candour which was part of his character, replied, doggedly, "Yes, the man who wrote this letter loves you."

"Then you can pity him, and I may venture to ask you the favor to—— It will be a bitter grief and disappointment to him. Will you break it to him as gently as you can; will you say that his Helen——?"

He handed her the letter, almost thrusting it upon her, and turned away.

"Mr. Hazel! will you not grant me so small a favor?"

The man faced her, his features convulsed with passion. He covered them for a moment with his trembling hands, then, with, unutterable love in the gaze he fixed upon her, he answered her pleading with one word.

"No."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## A ROAD PAVED WITH HUMAN BEINGS.

Ishmail Pacha, the present ruler of Egypt, was partly educated in Paris, and is said to be sincerely desirous of effecting reforms in Egypt. Whether it be want of will or want of power, however, certain it is that these reforms are not effected. One of such is the riding of a sacred horseman annually over a road paved with human beings for half a mile or so—a horseman, on a fiery steed, who rides over a road on which human beings are lying down on their faces, as near as they can one to the other, so as not to leave any space unoccupied It is at Esbekyeh, near Cairo, that this extraordinary ceremony annually takes place, in this wise—

All good Mussulmans are supposed, once in their lives at least, to visit the holy places, Mecca and Medina, in pilgrimage. Those who cannot do so themselves, send presents to the Tomb of the Prophet. These presents are despatched in great state from Cairo once a year, enveloped in, or accompanied by, a sacred carpet, which is highly esteemed, and which returns to Cairo holier than ever, in greater state than it left, on the day of the fete of Mohammed, called Moullet-el-Nebi. The high priest of Mohammedanism at Cairo, goes to Kassaout, on the road to the desert, to meet the procession returning with the sacred carpet. The viceroy himself receives it with great state at the citadel of Cairo, where is the great mosque, and the holy carpet is shut up amongst the sacred things of the citadel, with awe and respect, and prayers, and firing of guns.

In order to take part in this ceremony, and go forth in state to meet the sacred carpet, the Shik-el-Bekre mounts a white horse, which has been set apart for the ceremony the year before, and which is also regarded as sacred It must be a white horse without blemish, with one black mark—and only one—on its forehead, and another on its off hind leg. The white horse selected for this holy ceremony is not allowed out of the stable all the year; he appears in public only on this one day. He is carefully attended to, excellently fed and groomed, and it may be easily supposed that when he does come forth he is impatient and difficult to control. Four attendants assist the high priest to manage the white charger.

When the high priest, after having delivered up the holy carpet, in the great mosque in the citadel, returns on the sacred white horse to his own mosque at Esbekyeh, an innumerable crowd of Arabs fill the road, to welcome him with shouts of "Allah querim!" (God is great). The high priest and the white horse are both holy and sacred that day.

As the procession is seen approaching, the crowd in the narrow road throw themselves on their face, wedging well together, so that not a foot of ground may remain uncovered; and proudly the white charger, bearing the high priest, prances at a canter over the living road, the four attendants running by his side, two and two. The iron hoofs of the horse sink here and there into the backs of the devotees, sometimes fracturing the spine, sometimes the skull; but no cry of pain escapes from the sufferers. If they die, it is martyrdom, and heaven and the houries are ready for them; if they are wounded, it is for their faith, and great will be their reward hereafter, if they escape unscathed, they have performed a highly meritorious religious duty, almost equal to the pilgrimage itself. The devotees do not rise from the ground till the high priest has entered into his own mosque; and great is the spiritual pride of those over whom the charger has cantered, and great the envy of the spectators who had no place on the ground, but were obliged to content themselves with witnessing the ceremony from the side of the road, standing!

It is true that this absurd ceremony is not inculcated in the Koran, and that it takes place in no other country but Egypt; still it is one dear to the zealous and superstitious Arabs, who annually celebrate it, and one that probably no ordinary viceroy would consider it safe to meddle with.

## PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

CONUNDRUMS, No. 8.—Why ought a fisherman to be very wealthy?

No. 9. Why is a man in debt like a misty morning?

No. 10.—Who was the first who bore arms?

CHARADE, 4.

My first is found in every house,
From wintry winds it guards.
My second is the highest found—
In every pack of cards.
My whole, a Scottish chief, is praised
By ballad, bard, and story,
Who for his country gave his life,
And, dying, fell with glory.

ANSWERS TO No. 22. PAGE 262.

RIDDLE.—The letter R.

CONUNDRUMS, 6.—A pack of cards.

7.—Because words are passing between them.

CHARADE, 3.—Footman.

THE PRESSURE OF THE AIR SHOWN BY A WINE-GLASS.

Place a card on a wine-glass filled with water, then invert the glass, the water will not escape, the pressure of the atmosphere on the outside of the card being sufficient to support the water.

## LESSONS IN GEOLOGY.—No. 15.

### ON THE UPHEAVAL OF VOLCANIC MOUNTAINS.

After the whole mass of those rocks composing the present island of Sicily had been swelled up and raised to 3,000 feet, the beds violently burst, and cracked into several fissures, which afterwards became filled up with basaltic lava. The lava imbedded in these cracks formed hard rocks and are called by geologists dikes.

The height of Mount Ætna is 10,874 feet above the level of the sea. The first three thousand feet upward from the sea is formed by the calcareous beds, and their associated lavas and clays as already mentioned. The remaining 7,000 or 8,000 feet upward have been formed by successive eruptions from the volcano. The upper or the 1,100 feet consist of the cone of the crater, which rises from an irregular plain, about nine miles in circumference. In the summit of this cone is the grand crater which is perpetually sending forth sulphurous vapors.

It is an unsettled point among geologists, whether the prodigious masses which now lie above the limestone 3,000 feet high, were produced since the island of Sicily rose above the sea, or whether a large portion of them had not been thrown up and scattered by the volcano while under the sea.

The balance of the probability is in favor of the hypothesis that the volcanic rocks which lie over the tertiary limestones were formed before the island arose from the water, and those masses rose with the upheaval of the limestones and clays. It is supposed that the first appearance of Sicily would be like a cone above the reach of the waves, which would, at every eruption, vomit forth volcanic matter into the sea on all sides, as the mountain was in the process of being heaved up.

There is one phenomenon very remarkable in the structure of the lower beds of the stratification of this vast mountain. The inferior clay beds of which we have spoken are found on the north, the east, and the south of Ætna, to dip inward towards the mountain. This looks as if they had fallen in from the sudden and free escape of the melted matter that had held them up, rather than they had fallen outward as if they had cracked from being heaved up. They appear as if they had first of all been heaved up by an enormous power of melted matter from below, which by suddenly and freely escaping, caused a cavity, into which these horizontal beds fell on all sides with a dip inward.

Since these lower beds of clay dip inward towards the mountain, instead of lying on the same slope as the sides of the mountains, and since this inward dipping is found all round Ætna, except to the west, where it is not in sight, it is evident that these clay strata were once continuous; were a horizontal rock occupying the space now covered by the volcanic mountain; and were penetrated by the eruptive forces of the volcano. They, therefore, lie under the whole mountain, and may be said to be sub-Ætnean. In some places, even these lower beds appear in hills a thousand feet high; though in others much lower. Their beds appear in some instances 300 feet thick, and without any mixture of lava.

## INSTRUCTIONS TO MECHANICS.

### DR. BUCHANAN ON CELLARS.

While I would condemn cellars and basements entirely, the common plan of building in their absence must be condemned also. The house being built above the surface of the earth, a space is left between the lower floor and the ground, which is even closer and darker than a cellar, and which becomes, on a smaller scale, the source of noxious emanations. Underfloor space should be abolished as well as cellars and basements.

The plan that I have adopted with the most satisfactory success, to avoid all these evils, is the following:—Let the house be built entirely above the ground; let the lower floor be built upon the surface of the earth, at least as high as the surrounding soil. If filled up with any clean material a few inches above the surrounding earth, it would be better. A proper foundation being prepared, make your first floor by a pavement of brick, laid in hydraulic cement upon the surface of the ground. Let the same be extended into your walls, so as to cut off the walls of your house with water-proof cement from all communication with the moisture of the surrounding earth. Upon this foundation build according to your fancy. Your lower floor will be perfectly dry—impenetrable to moisture and to vermin; not a single animal can get a lodgment in your story. By adopting this plan, your house will be dry and cleanly; the atmosphere of your ground-floor will be fresh and pure; you will be entirely relieved from that steady draft upon life which is produced by basements and cellars; and if you appropriate the ground-floor to purposes of storerooms, kitchen, etc., you will find that the dry apartments thus constructed are infinitely superior to the old basements and cellars. And if you place your sitting and sleeping-rooms on the second and third floors, you will be as thoroughly exempt from local miasma as architecture can make you.

## SCIENTIFIC AND CURIOUS.

### RECENT INVENTIONS.

The noise of cannon has been heard a distance of more than two hundred and fifty miles by applying the ear to the solid earth.

ELECTRICITY IN A VACUUM.—A new apparatus for demonstrating the fact that the electric spark will not pass through a perfect vacuum has been contrived by M M. Alvergniat, of Paris. At a distance of three thirty-seconds of an inch electricity ceases to pass.

POROSITY OF IRON.—The porosity of cast-iron is a well-known fact. Many years ago, Mr. Perkins forced water through thick plates of it; hence it is not astonishing that gasses pass with ease. A few years ago, a physician at Chambery was struck with the circumstance that an epidemic of fever occurred in Savoy every winter; and he fancied that he had traced the cause to the use in the cottages of cast-iron stoves, which allowed the gases of combustion to pass into the atmosphere of the rooms. The subject has been investigated by MM. Deville and Troost, and they find, by a very carefully conducted experiment, that hydrogen, carbonic acid, and carbonic acid, and carbonic oxide, do actually pass through the walls of a cast-iron stove, at a dull as well as a bright red heat.